

Orgasm Addict

Buzzcocks

Well, you tried it just for once found it all right for kicks
But now you found out that it's a habit that sticks
And you're an orgasm addict, you're an orgasm addict

Sneaking in the back door with dirty magazines
Now your mother wants to know what all those stains on your jeans
And you're an orgasm addict, you're an orgasm addict

Uh huh, uh huh, uh uh
Uh huh, uh huh, uh uh

You get in a heat, you get in a sulk
But you still keep a beating your meat to pulp
And you're an orgasm addict, you're an orgasm addict

You're a kid Casanova, you're a no josep
It's a labor of love fucking yourself to death
Orgasm addict, you're an orgasm addict

Uh huh, uh huh, uh uh uh

You're makin' out with school kids
Winos and heads of state, you even made it with the lady
Who puts the little plastic bobbins on the Christmas cakes

Butchers' assistants and bellhops
You've had them all here and there
Children of God and their joy strings
International women with no body hair

Ooh, so where they're askin' in an alley
And your voice ain't steady
Your sex mechanic's rough, you're more than ready
You're an orgasm addict, you're an orgasm addict

Johnny want fuckie always and all ways
He's got the energy, he will remain
He's an orgasm addict, he's an orgasm addict

He's always at it, he's always at it
And he's an orgasm addict
He's an orgasm addict